

# madrid

# ATTACK SKATE MAG

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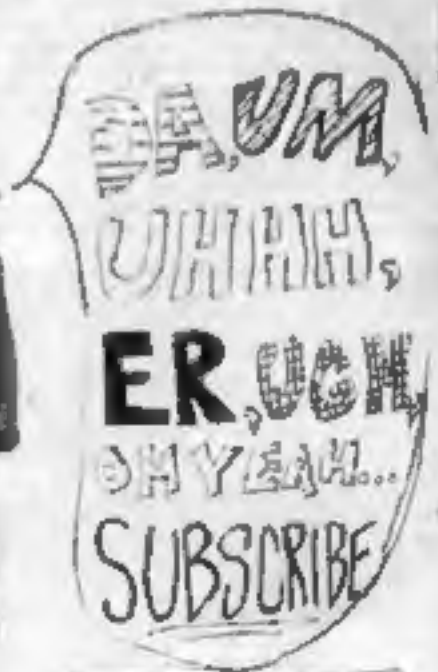
SKATE ATTACK  
7474 TIMBERVIEW DR.  
CINTI., OH 45241

PRICE  
50¢

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CONTRIBUTE TOO!

M.E.S.S.#1: AFTER WEEKS IN THE PLANNING THE TIME HAD COME FOR THE OPENING CONTEST OF THE FIRST EVER MID - EASTERN - SKATEBOARD - SERIES. NOW REMEMBER THIS SPECTACLE WAS COMPLETELY THOUGHT UP, ORGANIZED, AND RUN BY US, THE SKATERS. ALL OF US SKATERS INVOLVED HELPED PUSH OUR SPORT A GIANT STEP FORWARD AND ALTHOUGH WE DID HAVE SOME UP'S AND DOWNS IN THE END WE PREVAILED AND HAD A HELL OF A GOOD TIME.

M.E.S.S.#1: After a full day of practice at the Squid Ramp on Friday things seemed to be fine for the next day's activities but, that was to change drastically... Saturday morning came and all of us guy's scraped our bodies off the floor and headed for the ramp. A little later we had the contest underway but the rain came and it prevented us from going on. That night a bunch of us went to Columbus to see a gig. Being that we were skaters we did not have to pay. Once inside we had our way also... The rain lasted through Sunday so this event had to be postponed.

M.E.S.S.#1: This time around good 'ol Mother Nature came through with plenty of sunshine. We had another good turn out so with the sun a blazing it was time to put all our time and effort to work. Mr. Ray Underhill and Mr. Doug Walker stated very good... Good enough to eliminate everybody in their prospective divisions and thus a first place for each. Ray Guy was not content with 1st place in the sponsored division so he decided to out fly everyone in the highest air event. Finally it was over and all us felt relieved. We were doubly when Momma Hill flowed the Joe's and other tasty critters. With our bellies full and our bodies bruised we slowly disbanded to our homes for that much needed recovery time. Now, it was great I could hardly wait for the next one my could I?

M.E.S.S.#2: Things didn't look good for MESS/2 because of the mere fact that we had no definite spot to hold it at. That was until John and Joe Downey finally convinced their parents that a contest had to take place on their ramp. The folk's finally gave the O.K., we were on our way once again. This contest by some strange coincidence was scheduled on the same day as the Kona contest so, we were not sure if we would get a good turn out but, surprise... Not since the early day's of the U.L.S.A. has the Midwest seen a bigger show of skateboarders; nearly 40 entrants in all. A lot of skaters came with little green so they were forced to make camp (Camp Tuk) on the Downey grounds. A total of five tents were put up. Each tent had it's own special characteristics therefore they received appropiate names (Very Sketchy, Home Haven, etc...). During the night all the tents came down at one time or another. Come contest time excitement filled the air as the skaters competed for superiority. In the end Bill Dunforth and Butchie claimed victory for themselves in each of their prospective class. The sponsors flowed again which made all of us skaters happy once again...

M.E.S.S.#3: Was a strange affair to say in the least. For it was to be held in West Virginia. This place has a reputation of having lots of old, ugly, horny women and not to mention its fair share of skate haters. The sidge was the main man behind this event so, you could say we were in good hands. For me personally this was not one of my better days. You see it all started at about 6:00 in the morning when my alarm clock went off to remind me to get my lazy bones out of bed and go to work. Well the day of the contest was here and I'm stuck at work but not for long. I got off work early and then I out the 5 hour trip to W.Va. down to J. not bad for the Le Box. When I finally did make my way to Chris Carter's (no relation to Jimmy) ramp I was stunned to see that the contest was already in progress. Luckily for me it was only the 1st event. There was alot of smoking going on earlier but, I was late and wanted to skate so the smoking continued. (DOOF OR BE DROPPED) The contest went fairly smooth although the ramp was 'nt. Billiforth skated really



Bill Dunforth

Bill Dunforth



Bill Dunforth



hot. It was as though he had forgotten how to ball therefore he sailed right into 1st place. Master Squid came on and flailed right past those Annawhale goons to capture 1st place in his division. It was now time to pass out the prizes. What prizes? Honest Ridge left them at his house... We finally convinced him to go retain the goods or else loose his limbs not to mention his reputation. He Ha Ridge... We made his choice and we had a total blast passing it all out. That night after the contest things happened that just wasn't meant to be written about atleast not in this mag maybe in Hustler...

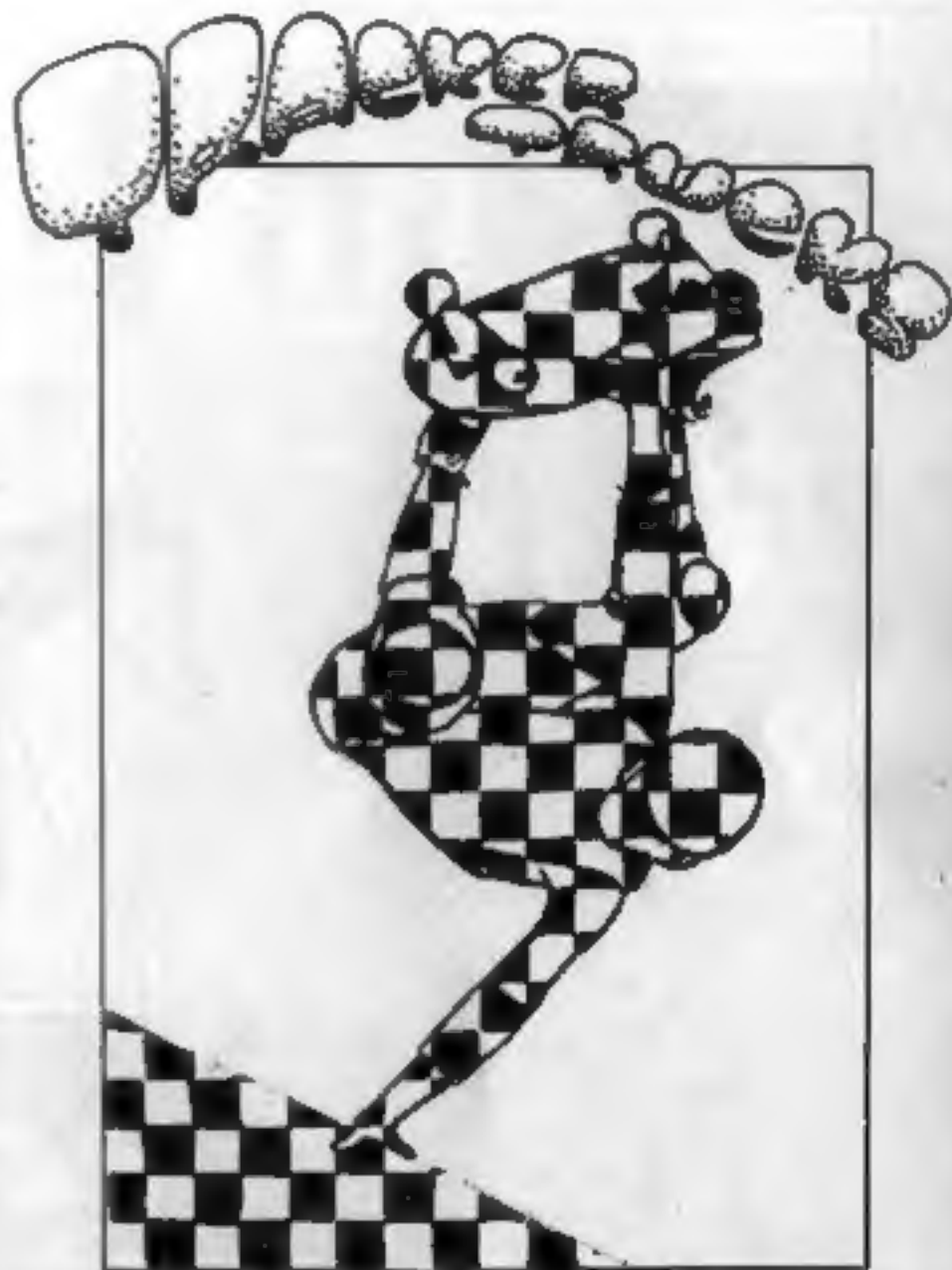
N.E.S.S.#4: Brett Martin came through and hosted this one. This contest was by far the most organized and well runned event to date. All you skaters out there who didn't make it really blew it... My mom and dad decided to see what all this skateboardin' hysteria is about. They did and as they gazed on with bulging eyes one might say that they were quite stoked. The skating done here on this day was amazing today in the least. Never before had I seen skaters push so hard. Brett pushed it the farthest to become winner of number 4. Grampa Mugay flew down from Milwaukee to snag 1st in his division. Swimming and eating came next on everyone's list of priorities. The prizes were handed out while in the background skate videos played on. Later that night a massive session took place at the Nickel Bank. We skated and skated until we could hardly move so it was then that I knew that if I didn't get some rest quick I would kick over and croak. The next day came back to quickly for me and my battered body. Later that day I recovered and made my way to the Phoenix Ramp where a rad session was already in progress. After this we headed to the U.D. for some more fun. We had our fun and now we were very hungry so we fueled up on the mandatory skate digestables. (burritos with our bellies full we made our way over to Tombstones for more skatin' a cretin'. On this night we found out that there is more than one way to ride a board... we finally tired out. A room at Budget Hall would have to suffice the ten of us. Later on that night squidman and me did our rendition of east side story when we flailed and whailed on these 4 goons. They should have known better, than to mess with us on the eve of a full moon.

N.E.S.S.#5: You, this is it the finale, wrong what happened instead is a skaters nightmare. Rain, rain, and more rain fell over the city of Oak Ridge. This was, not happening, but it was. The Florida guys suggested moving the contest to Atlanta because it was not raining there. I went to Atlanta because things looked hopeless here. I lucked out because I made the right choice. Now I was back on my board going for it and having a great time doing so. A couple of days later we made our way back to Joe's. We skated his ramp and recieved some prizes for our overall placings in the series and then we left for home.

SO HOWS THIS THARS N.E.S.S.. WILL THERE BE A SERIES NEXT YEAR?




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CHECK'EM OUT!

# HATE SOUNDS

SOCIAL "MOMMY'S LITTLE DISORDER" LP	☹	☹	☹	☹	
YOUTH "SOMEONE FROM" BRIGADE LP	☹	☹	☹	☹	☹
OD DOUBIE - O EP	☹	☹	☹		
AGRESSION "SHUT DE PUNKED" LP	☹	☹	☹		
ARMYMAN "FACED WITH DISGRACE FAMILY" EP	☹	☹			
F.U.S "MY ANARCHY" LP	☹	☹	☹		
MEATMEN "WE'RE THE MEATMEN AND WE'RE HERE" LP	☹	☹	☹	☹	

1 YOK = BAD 2 YOK = OK 3 YOK = GOOD 4 YOK = REALLY GOOD 5 YOK = GREAT



# MISFITS



BAND OF THE MONTH

PEL. HIGGINS CRASHING AIR AT WESSING

Photo 1



44 HIGGINS Just before crashing

Photo 2

PEL. HIGGINS CRASHING AIR AT WESSING



Photo 3



MART J. GEAR CRASHING IN HIGGINS KEY

Photo 4



Photo 5

JAC. HIGGINS CRASHING IN HIGGINS KEY



27K



JOHN & PERRY  
FEB. 1977

# ATLANTA ONE-NIGHT STAND

Thursday afternoon Oct. 10th we are leaving Tampa Fla. for Oak Ridge Tennessee for the N.E.S. series finale. Chuck Nicks, Steve Sharink, John Grigley, and myself Paul Schmitt are committed to a 13 hour 700 mile drive in my V.W. adventure bus. I decide to go for a route that I believe is more direct. After going up, down, and around the mountains in the dark I start to wonder! As the van starts to arrive we are still going up, down, and around these mountains. I ask myself if this is the worst mistake I have made in my whole life! The bus isn't accustomed to climbing mountains and is having a difficult time. While in the mountains the bus manages to break an accelerator cable; Grigley finds a convenient rock and we all obtain motion sickness from going up, down, and around the mountains over and over. Finally we arrive in Oak Ridge four hours late. The mountains were bad enough, but when we got there it is even worse with rain falling from the sky. Near the camp we manage to get side swiped by a truck load of cows, luckily only minor damage consisting of a lost mirror, scratches, and a dent. I was able to make \$75.00 instant cash from the incident.

We arrive at the camp around noon to find a soaked ramp and very humid skaters. The weather forecast is bad, but its dry in Atlanta. It seems as this N.E.S. concert may not survive though it could have easily hosted 40 to 50 skaters from 10 states. Phone calls come in from miles away only to be discouraged by the weather. Many have decided not to come and some are ready to leave. After alot of thought it is decided to try to move the concert to Atlanta which has a lesser chance of rain and a better ramp.

So and some Chinamen decide to journey to Atlanta friday evening



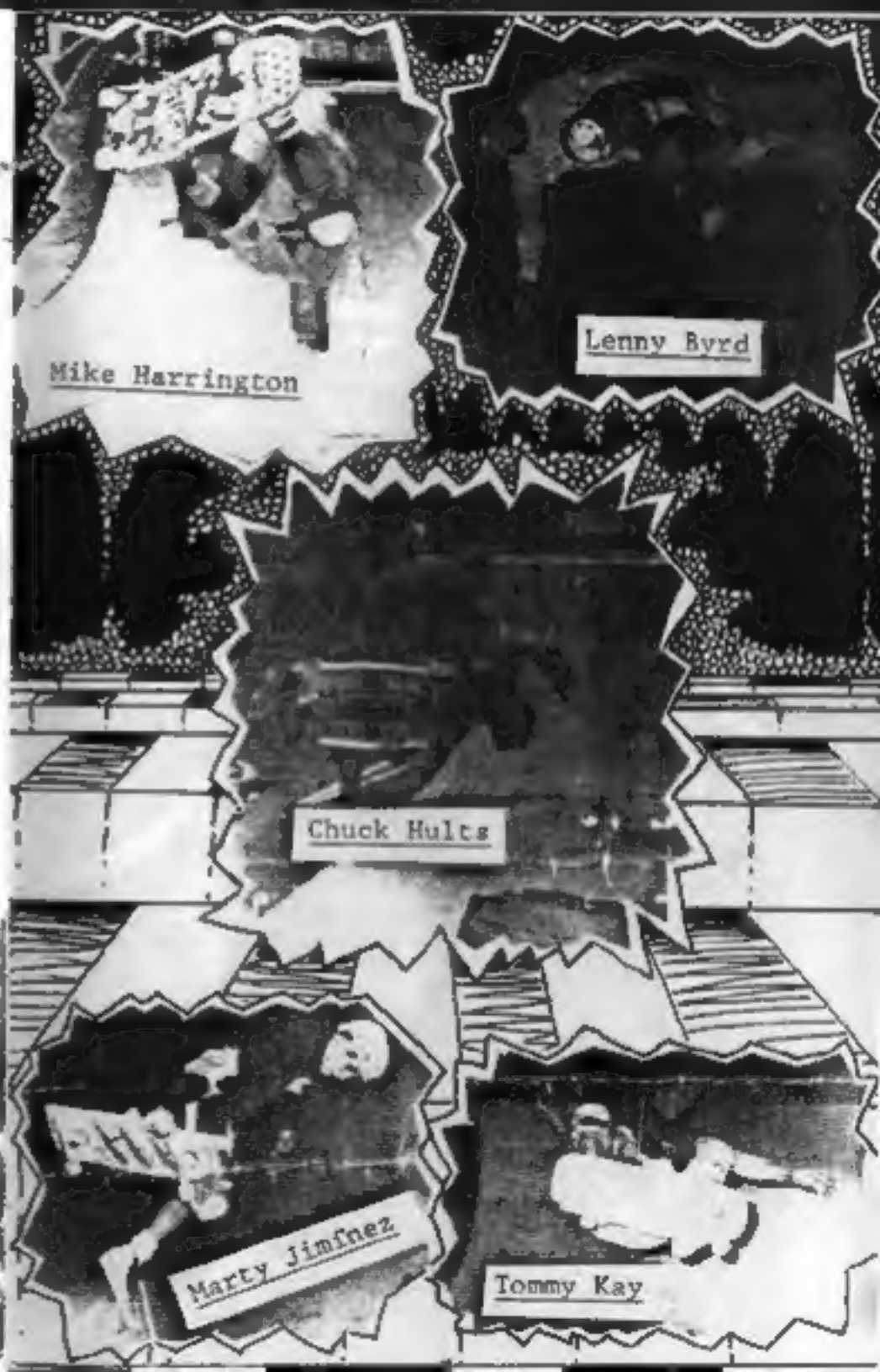
(with others to follow in the morning) for a four hour drive to the Ramp Ranch II. We arrive around 10:00 to see a well lighted and dry ramp which is great to see after watching 5 hours of wet ramp in Oak Ridge. Skating commenced until 1:00 in the morning. Afterward sleep is mandatory after a good 1000 miles of driving.

Saturday morning is overcast but dry, we arrive at the ramp to find that those left in Team, haven't come. They have decided to watch the rain in Oak Ridge. Since there are no M.U.S.S. Finals here, I decide to have another contest which shall come to be known as the Ramp Ranch One Night Stand, all conceived and to be executed within a one day period.

Since I am suffering from a broken foot, I take on the contest coordinator position. A session system shall be used with no unsponsored and a sponsored division. Each skater gets 5 untimed runs in order and are judged on a persons skating overall in the 5 runs. This system is so casual that there is no contest procedure.

In the unsponsored division local Mike Harrington captures 1st with the ability to hang on and work the ramp wall. In 2nd is Kevin Dickman from Ohio who can pull off more nearly falls than anybody I know. In third is Russ Phillips who is a very determined skater. In the sponsored division rain falls after 3 rides each so skaters are judged on 3 rides (instead of 5). John Grigley manages 1st with channel plants and airs. In a very close 2nd is local Lenny Byrd who rips fast lines and high airs all over the ramp. Marty Jimenez came from Ohio to take 3rd with lots of tricks, but a few unfortunate falls. The contest is considered a total success with 13 skaters from 4 states all planned and pulled off within the day! To bad for those in Oak Ridge who didn't stand up and had to watch it rain. Thanks to Schmitt Bros. Indy, and THASHER for donating prizes.

With the contest over it is decided to venture into down town Atlanta for a little fun with Tommy Kay. First stop brow beat us to The PeachTree Plaza, which is Atlanta's classiest hotel. 13 skaters head to the top in a glass elevator above the clouds, up and down 72 stories in a matter of minutes. After leaving the elevators we were soon followed by security guards in tuxes so we went out into the streets where a blue van pulls up with under cover policeman jumping out to find out what was going on. After some bullshit we headed toward to the 404 club where graffiti is used for wallpaper.



Mike Harrington

Lenny Byrd

Chuck Hults

Marty Jimenez

Tommy Kay



We make sure to add to the graffiti with our own marks. A few shitty bands play. After boarder sets in I break my crutch while spinning 180's. We get kicked out of the girls bathroom. My broken crutch is taken away (they called it a weapon) by the doorman who comments on T.E.'s elbow pads and our crowd in general. Some decide to cause a ruckus by playing to some unlistenable music.

Over to a dry parking garage for a quick session before security breaks it up. T.E. takes us for a drive through downtown at 3:00 in the morning to harass prostitutes and be amused by all the big city fags. We are finally led out of downtown so we can go to sleep.

Sunday is out so we mess around and then head home for 9 more hours of driving. Hope you can come on our next adventure or take one of your own.

PAUL SCHMITZ

John Grigley

#### SPONSORED

1st- John Grigley	295
2nd- Lanny Byrd	290
3rd- Marty Jimenez	270
4th- Chuck Nault	250
5th- Steve Marinak	245
6th- John Brissle	220
7th- Brett Martin	215

#### UNSPONSORED

1st- Mike Harrington	300
2nd- Kevin Dickson	280
3rd- Ross Mullis	265
4th- Tommy Ray	255
5th- Jeff Stephenson	230
6th- Tim Humphrey	225
7th- Mark Holland	220
8th- Bill Davis	

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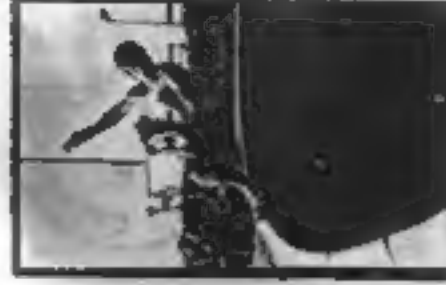
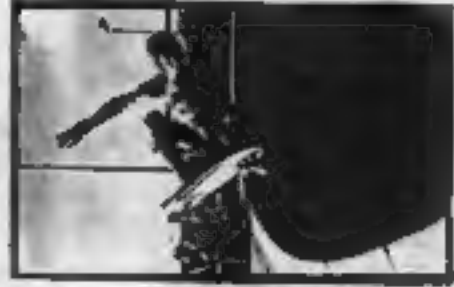
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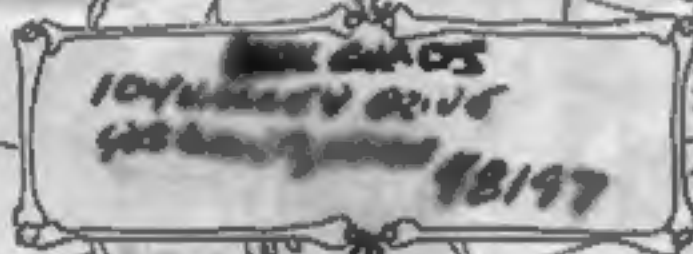
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